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DOUBLE DEALING
OR THE
RIFLE VOLUNTEER

A Dialogue

IN

ONE ACT

BY

W. E. SUTER

AUTHOR OF

*Sarah's Young Man—A Quiet Family—Brother Bill and Me—
Catherine Howard—Husband on Trial—My Wife's
Husband—The Accusing Spirit—Holly Bush Hall
—Give Me My Wife,
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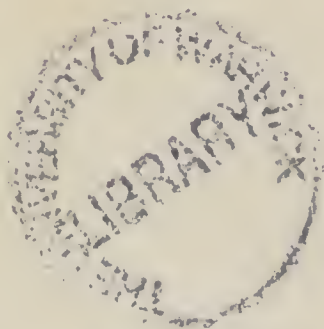
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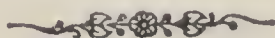
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Clara St. Carole

DOUBLE DEALING.



SCENE.—*A Chamber. A French window, R. C. open to the ground, and looking on to garden—a door, L. C.—door, R. 2 E.—tables, arm chairs, couch, &c.*

MISS ANGELINA STUMPINS *enters, through window.*

SONG.—ANGELINA,—AIR—"Is there a heart that never loved."

Soon, ah me! I must be wed,
But not to him I would!
True love, alas, did ne'er run smooth,
That's long been understood.
I, that old woman shall be like,
Who did in Romford dwell,
Who loved her husband dearly,
But another man twice as well.

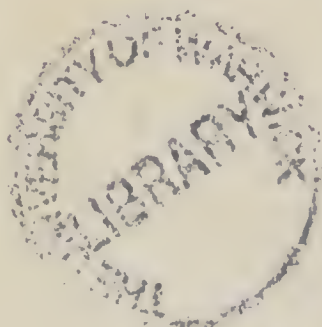
This then, is the day—the last day, and within a few hours my fate will be decided. Suppose he should not come! he is as little eager for the match as myself, or he would not have delayed seeking me till the latest possible moment. Had he come earlier, I might, perhaps, have learned to love him—but now, it's impossible! The gentleman who, awhile since, fixed his eyes on me so intently, when I was in the pastrycook's shop—strange, that I cannot get those eyes out of my head—and that wherever I go, they appear to be always staring at me. He

DOUBLE DEALING.

CHARACTERS.

| | | | |
|------------------------|---|---|------------------------|
| MR. JEREMIAH DUMPINS | . | . | Mr. CORENO. |
| MISS ANGELINA STUMPINS | . | | Miss FANNY GARTHWAITE. |

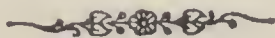
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was not exactly good-looking, and yet— Oh, now, more than ever, do I hope that Mr. Jeremiah Dumpins may never present himself before me; or, at all events, not until I shall have gained the right to send him off again about his business.

JEREMIAH DUMPINS. (*without*) Tell your mistress I am Mr. Jeremiah Dumpins, and that I— No, never mind, I'll announce myself!

ANGEL. Oh, mercy on me! (*sinking into chair*) It is all over! he has come! I must shut my eyes to the eyes that are always haunting me, and make a vow, however hungry, never again to enter a pastrycook's shop. (*rising*) I am all of a tremble! I cannot meet him thus! I must retire, and summon fortitude for the encounter. *Hurries off, R. D.*

JEREMIAH DUMPINS *enters, L. D. hat in hand, and makes a profound bow.*

JERE. Madam, I have the honour—(*bowing*) I could no longer avoid—(*looking up*) Why, she is not here! Then what did that stupid girl mean, by telling me— Oh, Jeremiah—Jeremiah Dumpins; it's my private opinion you are a miserable wretch! Anybody, with a heart, would pity me!—in the first place, I am very well off—but what renders my situation so desperate is, that my father was born before I was. He was considered a very sensible man—but I know, I, who respect and revere his sainted memory, I know—of course it's a piece of knowledge I keep to myself—but, as I said before, I know that he was a stupid old pump. But I am proud to resemble him—for he was a worthy old fellow! Only think! I had a father—and, strange to say, so had Angelina Stumpins—I don't exactly mean that that was strange, but—the fact is, the thought of this terrible interview has somewhat muddled my intellects. The truth is, that once—it's some time ago now—I was a little boy—so was Angelina—no, no, she was a little girl, I believe—I wish she had been a boy, and then—(*interrupting himself*) Yes, and I remember *that* well—I was a very, very pretty little fellow—and, to the best of my recollection, Angelina wasn't. I recollect, too, they used to call her an amiable little angel—but I never knew such a spiteful little devil in all my life! And so our fathers took it into their thick heads, that we two little innocents should be married, when we had both grown up to manhood. And the last day has arrived—we must consent to marry each other, or forfeit—and I can't afford it either way. I can't afford to marry, and I can't afford to forfeit—that is—I have been so long accustomed to a good dinner every day, that I am afraid I should miss it—I have, in short, become so accustomed to food, that I expect it would

occasion me considerable inconvenience if compelled to go many weeks without it. Eh? (*listening*) I hear her coming—I am all of a twitter—it won't do to be nervous. I'll take a turn in the garden, and recover fortitude for the terrible interview.

Runs off, at window.

ANGELINA enters, R. D. and curtseys profoundly.

ANGEL. Sir, I am happy to—(*curtseying*) Sir, I am greatly surprised—(*looking up, astonished*) Good gracious! I am sure I heard him! Sauntered into the garden, I dare say. (*sighing*) Ah, if I had never had a father, what a happy girl I should have been. Oh, if Mr. Jeremiah Dumpins would refuse to marry me! But he won't, for this—(*producing paper*) would give me, then, a claim on his whole fortune—and, of course, he would not run that risk. It is to be hoped he has improved as he has grown up, for, as a boy, he was an ugly mischievous monkey! used to tear my frocks—and once he dipped my head in the waterbutt. And such a greedy boy, too! whenever anybody gave me anything nice, he used to eat it. And now I shall have to marry him! Well, it does not matter, for I can never expect to see again the gentleman that made eyes at me in the pastrycook's shop, and who confused me so that a piece of the tart I was eating went the wrong way, and stuck there, till I was black in the face. Oh! (*suddenly struck*) Yes, what a capital thought! I'll introduce myself to him first of all, as somebody else, and then I can be guided by circumstances—and if he is very distasteful—I have it! I'll put on Cousin John's volunteer dress, and, who knows, perhaps I may be able to frighten Jeremiah into giving me up. Ah, footsteps approaching from the garden! I'm off! *Runs off, R. D.*

JEREMIAH appears at window, and bows.

JERE. I am delighted to see you, madam! (*bowing*) At length, and for the first time since we were children—(*bowing*) at length, I say, we meet. (*looking up*) No we don't. (*coming forward*) What the devil is she up to? Loathe to meet me, perhaps, but she must, for this—(*producing paper*) gives me a claim on her whole fortune should she refuse to marry me, and that wouldn't suit her, I dare say, for like me, no doubt, she is in the habit of having something to eat every day, and the sudden alteration to nothing mightn't agree with her. (*looking about*) But where is she? Is she having a game at hide and seek? I suppose I shall hear her call out "whoop" directly! Ah! (*suddenly struck*) What a glorious thought! I'll visit her first disguised as somebody else, and find out how the land lies. and whether there are any means of extrication, before I pre-

sent myself in person. Yes, I'll go and borrow a dress of my old Aunt Sally's—a capital idea! it came into my head when I mentioned hide and seek—the “whoop” made me think directly of “Hoop-de-dooden-doo!” Oh, if I could but get rid of Angelina, and save my fortune, and find again the lovely creature that I saw at the pastrycook's, and whom I devoured with my eyes, while she was devouring about eighteenpenn'orth of gooseberry tarts. Oh, delicious! the lady, I mean, not the gooseberry tarts, for I didn't taste them—I didn't taste the lady either for that matter—only looked, and kept on eating ices to cool my burning love, till I began to feel awfully chilly about the stomach, and was obliged to run home, and drink about a pint of brandy, and—(*touching his stomach*) and rub myself all over here with red hot brickbats.

SONG.—JEREMIAH,—AIR—“Last Rose of Summer.”

When that fair creature left me,
 My poor heart was forlorn;
 In the shop I stood staring,
 I felt sad and alone—
 Then I swore I would follow,
 And was flying away—
 “Here, you sir,” says the shopman—
 “Ain't you going to pay?” (*repeat last part.*
Exit, L. D.

ANGELINA. (*without*) Right about face! take open order—march!

ANGELINA enters, R. D. dressed as a volunteer, gun, &c.—to the symphony of following

SONG.—ANGELINA,—AIR—“The Cantoneer.”

Now, now I'm a volunteer,
 Of the foe I'll be never afraid.
 I'll prove I'm a man as well as I can,
 I'm one of the Rifle Brigade.
 Of the foe I'll be never afraid,
 I'll prove I'm a man as well as I can,
 I'm one of the Rifle Brigade,
 I'm one of the Rifle Brigade.
 Should e'er the foe approach our coast,
 'Tis not much he'd have to boast—
 “Now, go back! now, go back! now, go back!”
 We'd loudly cry.
 With rifle in hand, for our native land,
 Resolved to conquer or die.

Should they come, should they come—
 Were they near—were they here,
 Our hearts would burn,
 Not one would return.
 For I'm a volunteer!
 For I am a volunteer—
 Of the foe I'll be never afraid!
 I'll prove I'm a man, as well as I can,
 I'm one of the Rifle Brigade;
 Of the foe I'll be never afraid,
 I'll prove I'm a man, as well as I can,
 And one of the Rifle Brigade,
 And one of the Rifle Brigade.

With England's youth to take the field—
 With brave hearts our homes to shield—
 We would die, but never yield,
 What foe would dare our coasts to near?
 But should that evil hour,
 On old England ever low'r,
 Then, be firm, be firm, be firm,
 Brave volunteer!

I—I am a volunteer.
 Of the foe I'll be never afraid,
 I'll prove I'm a man as well as I can,
 And one of the Rifle Brigade—
 Of the foe I'll be never afraid,
 I'll prove I'm a man as well as I can,
 And one of the Rifle Brigade,
 And one of the Rifle Brigade,
 And one of the Rifle Brigade.
 I'll prove I'm a man as well as I can,
 And one of the Rifle Brigade,
 And one of the Rifle Brigade.
 Hurrah, hurrah! for the Rifle Volunteer!
 Hurrah, hurrah! for the Rifle Volunteer!
 The Volunteer! the Volunteer! the Volunteer!

Now let Mr. Jeremiah present himself, and he will find me ready for the charge!

JEREMIAH. (*without, L. in an assumed voice*) The next time I come here, I'll thank you to widen your doors.

ANGEL. 'Tis a woman's voice!

JEREMIAH. What is a lady to do with her crinoline I should like to know?

JEREMIAH DUMPINS *appears, L. D.*

ANGEL. (*aside*) What an object! who can she be?

JERE. (*trying to get his hoops through doorway*) Curse the hoops! (*aside*) The fact is, ours is such a large waterbutt, and these doors are so small!

ANGEL. Pray walk in, ma'am!

JERE. (*struggling to get through*) Oh, yes, it's easy to say "walk in," but I'm stuck fast, like a pig in a gate. Who are you? you are in the military line, I see?

ANGEL. Yes, ma'am—I am a Volunteer.

JERE. (*aside, jammed in doorway*) And I'm a pressed man. (*aloud*) I'm afraid I shan't get through, unless I raise these thingamies a little. (*modestly*) Would you have the goodness to turn your head aside, young man?

ANGELINA turns aside, laughing, and JEREMIAH, raising hoops, forces himself through, and comes forward.

ANGEL. (*turning towards JEREMIAH*) So you have stormed the breach?

JERE. Don't be vulgar, young gentleman. Recollect you are in the presence of a delicate female, and don't talk about breeches.

ANGEL. (*aside*) What an extraordinary woman!

JERE. So you are a Rifle Volunteer? It wouldn't give the enemy much trouble to rifle you, I fancy! Why, there's scarcely a morsel of you!

ANGEL. A little body may contain a large heart, madam—and a brave man, when his country is in danger, does not stop to consider whether he is big or little, but boldly prepares to meet the enemy. The wife and children of a little man are as dear to him as are those treasures are to a giant—and should the hour of peril ever come, it will not be size, but pluck, that must o'erthrow the foe. (*struts over to L.*)

JERE. (*aside*) What a courageous cock-sparrow!

ANGEL. Woe to the enemy who should dare attempt to place his foot upon our shore! A nation that is free is ever irresistible. My heart is swelling now with martial ardour, and I feel that I could pulverise the world! And were the foe now now before me, thus would I exterminate him. (*levels her rifle at JEREMIAH*)

JERE. (*bobbing up and down*) What are you about? Don't—consider, I am a delicate female—and think of my nerves, you infernal young vagabond!

ANGEL. (*aside*) What a remarkable woman! (*aloud—again presenting*) Don't be afraid, ma'am! Stand still, and I'll show you what a good shot I am!

JERE. No, thank you—try some other target.

ANGEL. (*presenting*) See—I'll shoot away the bunch of ribbon on the top of your bonnet.

JERE. Don't be a fool! Suppose you should carry my head along with it?

ANGEL. Oh, there's no fear!—

JERE. Isn't there, though, I beg your pardon? I never was so frightened in all my life.

ANGEL. Well, there, then. (*placing rifle on table, L.*) I'll have pity on your sex.

JERE. What do you mean by my sex? my sex is as good as yours, or anybody else's.

ANGEL. (*looking at JEREMIAH*) What a hideous woman!

JERE. Don't stare at me in that way, young man, my modesty can't stand it.

ANGEL. Pray, madam, may I ask your name?

JERE. Certainly. I am Miss Sally Fantoo. What's yours?

ANGEL. John Blazeaway.

JERE. Blazeaway! where ~~the blazes~~ did you get such a name as that?

ANGEL. (*shocked*) Oh, what a dreadful woman!

JERE. Mr. Jeremiah Dumpins is my nephew—

ANGEL. Your nephew!

JERE. In consequence of my being his aunt.

ANGEL. Oh!

JERE. And what are you?

ANGEL. I am related to Miss Angelina Stumpins—

JERE. Related!

ANGEL. In consequence of our being cousins.

JERE. Oh. And why is not Miss Stumpins here herself to receive me?

ANGEL. (*aside*) She is. (*aloud*) A little business now engages her, but— And why did not Mr. Dumpins come himself?

JERE. (*aside*) He has. (*aloud*) Rather an important engagement, but—(*aside*) I understand it.

ANGEL. (*aside*) I know what it means. This lady has come to pick up information.

JERE. (*aside*) This chap is sent to pump me.

ANGEL. How is it, madam, that your nephew has never sought his intended bride—has never even seen her—

JERE. Not since she was a very little girl, and, between ourselves—of course I shall not speak disrespectfully of her, because she is your cousin, and you are a Rifle Volunteer—but Angelina was a frightfully ugly child.

ANGEL. (*offended*) Well, I'm sure! (*aloud*) Girl's alter greatly as they grow up.

JERE. Of course they do—they grow taller, and—

ANGEL. And everybody knows that Jeremiah, when a boy, was the very picture of a young baboon.

JERE. (*aside—indignantly*) Well, upon my soul! (*aloud*) But, you know, boys, as well as girls, alter as they grow up.

ANGEL. Yes, and I am told that Jeremiah is now uglier than ever he was.

JERE. (*aside*) Well, curse his impudence! If it wasn't for that rifle, I'd—(*aloud*) But excuse the question, Mr. Blaze—

ANGEL. (*loudly*) Blazeaway.

JERE. Well, don't flare up in that style Blazeaway! I was merely about to ask, in order that I may report to my nephew, who will presently be here—I say, as I am my nephew's aunt, I was merely about to ask what sort of person Miss Angelina is now?

ANGEL. (*significantly*) Oh! (*aside*) If I give a bad account of myself, perhaps Jeremiah may be frightened from approaching me!

JERE. Strong and hearty, I presume. When a girl, she had the muscle of a coal heaver.

ANGEL. Ah, poor thing, she is now very delicate.

JERE. Delicate? (*aside*) Ah, well, so am I, so we shan't be a bad match in that particular.

ANGEL. She has suffered so much!

JERE. Has she? Tooth-ache, perhaps?

ANGEL. No, madam, rheumatism in the joints.

JERE. Which joints? what joints? (*aside*) I should like to give her the cold shoulder!

ANGEL. She lost the use of her legs—and without crutches—

JERE. Oh, lor! a regular she-devil on two sticks!

ANGEL. Madam! What an awful woman! (*aloud*) She now needs but *one* crutch!

JERE. I see—one good leg and a swinger. (*aside*) That I should be compelled to marry a dot-and-go-one wife!

ANGEL. (*aside*) What a disagreeable woman! (*aloud*) And besides that—

JERE. (*horrified*) What, something else?

ANGEL. Unfortunately; her right eye—

JERE. Oh, my eye!

ANGEL. Is the only one left?

JERE. How do you mean?

ANGEL. She caught a violent cold in her left eye, and now, a black patch—

JERE. A patch! (*aside*) Yes, I shall have a regular patch-work wife—I can see that.

ANGEL. But still, she is a nice figure; and with her auburn hair—

JERE. Auburn! carrots, I'll bet a pound.

ANGEL. Madam! (*aside*) What a low woman!

JERE. (*aside*) Oh, lor'! I'm going to marry a female Guy Fawkes.

ANGEL. And perhaps you will now describe Mr. Dumpins to me, for my poor cousin is very anxious.

JERE. No doubt about it! (*proudly*) And you may tell her, sir, that he is something like a man—a good deal more than she is, I can assure you.

ANGEL. (*laughing*) No doubt about it!

JERE. He, madam—(*aside*) But stop, if I describe myself as I really am, the report of my manly beauty will be certain to fascinate her, and then—

ANGEL. Well, madam?

JERE. Well, sir, hem—the fact is—poor Jeremiah, he, too, has had his sufferings and misfortunes, and accidents.

ANGEL. Indeed, poor fellow!

JERE. Yes, you see, one night he slept too near a keyhole, and the wind came through like a gimlet, and ever since a black patch over the right eye—

ANGEL. Oh, can it really be?

JERE. And one day, when skating, he tumbled down, and—

ANGEL. Well, madam!

JERE. And now his left shoulder is considerably out of the perpendicular—in fact, rather rotund.

ANGEL. (*shrieking*) Humpbacked! oh, mercy on me! (*sinks into chair*)

JERE. And it was on a particularly fine spring morning that—

ANGEL. (*jumping up*) What, isn't that all?

JERE. (*shaking his head*) He fell off the top of St. Paul's, and broke his right leg.

ANGEL. Oh, horrible!

JERE. (*aside*) I had a good mind to say *neck*, but that would have been too much of a settler.

ANGEL. Oh, and that you call being something like a man! Why, he is mere odds and ends. (*aside*) And must I marry such a remnant? (*aloud*) Humpbacked—one eye—and one leg—oh!

JERE. One eye—one leg—and carrots—oh! But excuse me, Jeremiah has two legs, only one is a wooden one.

ANGEL. Oh, my cousin will be very sorry for poor Jeremiah's misfortunes; and surely he will resign his fortune rather than consent to have such a deplorable object as Angelina for his wife!

JERE. Well, I don't know, but surely Angelina would give up every shilling of her property, rather than consent to have such a mutilated mass of humanity for her husband.

ANGEL. Well, I can't say!

JERE. Tell her to consider what a queer pair they would make.

ANGEL. A pair! impossible to make a pair of two such odd beings.

JERE. Ah, young gentleman, how blest are we who have no infirmity. You see how firm I am on my pins!

ANGEL. Pins! (*aside*) What an objectionable woman!

JERE. And yet I am a delicate female!

ANGEL. Haven't been able to perceive your delicacy!

JERE. You consider me, no doubt, a remarkably fine woman!

ANGEL. Well, I don't know—at any rate, you are a whopper!

JERE. A whopper! I shall be obliged to whop you, I can see that!

ANGEL. Don't be angry—I would not disparage your charms for the world, (*tenderly approaching him*) for we Rifle Volunteers are adored by lovely woman—is it not so, flower of your sex?

JERE. (*retreating*) Keep off—consider my modesty—don't come near me!

ANGEL. Near you! who is to do it? (*pointing to hoops*) That fortress must first be stormed.

JERE. Certainly; I require a strong defence to protect my innocence.

ANGEL. Near you, indeed! why, it would be a day's heavy march to walk round you—so, my beautiful creature—

JERE. Oh, I see—you are trying to walk round me now, but it won't do. (*crosses L.*)

ANGEL. (*standing on one foot, bending towards him and trying to clasp him*) Fairest of created beings, permit me to place my manly arm around your delicate waist.

JERE. (*jumping back*) Come, I say, young fellow, drop it, will you? I'm a virtuous female, and shan't stand any ~~d—d~~ liberties, I can tell you. (*crosses R.*)

ANGEL. (*shocked*) Oh! (*aside*) What a disgusting woman! (*aloud*) Delicate creature, the greater the resistance, the more glory in becoming a conqueror. Difficulties in love, as well as in war, inspire with greater ardour the noble volunteer. I will have a kiss, or perish bravely in the attempt.

JERE. (*jumping back*) A what! do you think I am going to let a soldier kiss me! (*she is advancing*) Keep off—keep off! (*squaring*) If you offer to touch me, 'pon my soul I'll punch your head.

ANGEL. Oh, what a manly woman! (*taking her rifle from table*) Then, madam, since you refuse to sign articles of peace, I shall treat you as a deadly foe, who has invaded my cousin's home, (*raising her rifle*) and your fate shall be that which would befall the vile invader of our native land.

JERE. Why, ~~curse~~ the young savage, he'll blow my brains out!

ANGEL. No, I won't, for that operation would be impossible with you! but I'll put a bullet in the place where they ought to have been!

JERE. Murder! would you injure a helpless female in distress!

ANGEL. (*brings her rifle down*) No, base woman, I will drive you hence at the point of the bayonet—charge!

JERE. ~~Curse~~ your charge—there'll be the devil to pay presently.

ANGEL. Listen how the Volunteers are taught to slay, and tremble!

JERE. I do!

ANGEL. {(*following directions as she speaks*) “Lower the point of the bayonet direct to the front, (JEREMIAH *writhes*) carry back the butt to the full extent of the right arm, the barrel resting on the thick part of the left—the left leg extended—” Look at me!

JERE. I can't!

ANGEL. This is the most powerful thrust.

JERE. Oh, lord!

ANGEL. Charge bayonet! (JEREMIAH *runs about, pursued by ANGELINA, jobbing at him with muzzle of rifle—he falls on his knees in L. corner—his back towards her*) There is no escape for you. 'Tis a portion of our tactics to attack an enemy in the rear. (*jobbing him behind*)

JERE. Be quiet, and let ~~my-rear~~ alone, will you!

DUET.—AIR, from “Of Age To-morrow.”

ANGEL. When we Volunteers
Meet the foe in battle,
I'll now show you how
We'll charge while rifles rattle.

JERE. Spare me, pray—I'm delicate,
Very slim and very tender.

ANGEL. When a woman's fair and good
'Tis our glory to defend her.

(*thrusting at JEREMIAH.*)

ANGEL. When we Volunteers (*the two following verses are
Meet the foe in battle, sung together.*)
I'll now show you how
We'll charge while rifles rattle !

JERE. This young Volunteer
Now will give me battle,
He'll soon show me how
They charge while rifles rattle !

Second part of Air—no symphony throughout.

ANGEL. You a shame are to your sex !

JERE. I'm my mother's precious daughter.

ANGEL. To let you live the saints would vex.
You are only fit for slaughter.

ANGEL. When we Volunteers, &c,

JERE. This young Volunteer, &c.

(together, and business as before.

*(at end of duet the air is continued rapidly—ANGELINA chases
JEREMIAH, jobbing him round stage—he runs to L. D. and
after a struggle succeeds in getting himself and hoops through
—ANGELINA all the while thrusting at him with gun—he
disappears, and she runs off laughing, R. D.*

JERE. *(without)* Oh, oh, I'm caught on a hook !

*He re-appears, and struggles through doorway, L., the skirt of
his dress is gone, leaving visible two or three large iron hoops
and his trousers—the upper part of his dress is still intact, the
bonnet on his head.*

Now isn't this a pretty exhibition ? a good thing that young Rifle Volunteer is no longer here to discover the swindle. The infernal skirt caught on a hook, and it was all hookey with it in a minute. How am I to go through the streets in this style ? I shall be taken to a lunatic asylum. And when she finds her skirt is gone, what will old Aunt Sally say ? And a pretty discovery I have made ! And a pretty object I shall have to marry ! I must wait and see Anglina ; for, another hour gone, if I had not consented to marry her, my fortune would be gone after it. *(looking round)* I wish she would come ! *(with a thought)* Eh ? no, I don't. I'll run home and return the object I have represented myself to young Blazes—Fireaway—or whatever else is the young redhot rascal's name. I've no wish to be a martyr to matrimony, and I won't yield without a terrific struggle.

SONG.—AIR,—“ Dear, dear, what can the matter be ?”

Oh, dear, what will become of me,

Oh, dear, what shall I do ?

That girl means for to marry me

Whether I like it or no.

She has no doubt lost none of her tongue—

Has a crutch that will never be stilled—

To this innocent chicken does cry,

“ Come, dilly,—come and be killed.”

Oh, dear, what will, &c.

Exit L. D.

ANGELINA enters, R. D. dressed as at first—in one hand she carries a crutch, in the other a black patch and a very red wig, long and matted.

ANGEL. Yes, as I have represented myself to that atrocious aunt of his, so shall Jeremiah find me, and heaven send that good may come of it, though, alas, I have but little hope. But I must be speedy, for Jeremiah must, perforce, be here presently. (*sits before glass, which is on table, R.*) Oh, when I remember the pastrycook's tarts, and that gentleman's gooseberry eyes—no, I mean, the pastry eyes, and—oh, dear, I don't know what I am talking about. (*tying patch over her left eye*) There, that makes some alteration in my appearance; and now—(*puts on red wig—looking in glass*) Beautiful! what a picture! (*rises*) Now for my crutch! (*placing crutch under her right arm, holding up her left leg, and trying to walk*) No, no, that's wrong, I can't manage it so. (*holding up her right leg*) Ah, that's it! (*hobbles backwards and forwards*) I shall soon improve—(*stopping*) shall manage it beautifully, I know. (*a stumping without, as of wooden leg—she listens*) Oh, gracious! that dreadful sound! it is—it must be—Jeremiah's wooden leg!
(*she hobbles about, R.*)

JEREMIAH enters, L. D. and stumps forward, L. his right knee fixed on a wooden leg, patch over his right eye, and a large hump on his left shoulder—both stump towards C. and then stand staring at each other.

JERE. Can this be Angelina?

ANGEL. Can you be Jeremiah? one eye!

JERE. Ditto!

ANGEL. A hump back!

JERE. A red head!

ANGEL. A wooden leg!

JERE. Hops with a crutch!

ANGEL. What a fearful monster!

JERE. What an awful guy!

(*they stump past each other*—JEREMIAH to R.—ANGELINA to L.

ANGEL. Don't make so much noise with your wooden leg.

JERE. Keep your crutch quiet, will you? (*looking at her*) There's a head of hair! and that young volunteer said it was auburn! never saw a more decided case of carrots in my life.

ANGEL. Never saw a better defined hump-back in all my days.

JERE. Surely, Angelina, you never go out of doors!

ANGEL. Of course, Jeremiah, you never let anybody see you?

JERE. You would send every woman into convulsions.

ANGEL. You would frighten all the little children into fits.

JERE. If you had any respect for yourself, you would insist on being strangled.

ANGEL. If you were not lost to shame, you would petition parliament to smother you.

JERE. No, thank you—they have smothered quite enough this session already.

ANGEL. Monster!

JERE. Scarecrow!

ANGEL. Fifth of November!

JERE. Carrots!

(*the hobble past each other*—ANGELINA, R.—JEREMIAH, L.

ANGEL. What a noise you make!

JERE. What a row you kick up!

ANGEL. Take your wooden leg off, sir.

JERE. Put your crutch in your pocket, ma'am!

(*they advance to C., and grin savagely at each other.*

DUET.—AIR,—“Cheer up Sam.”

JERE. Oh, must I really marry
With such a swivel peg?

ANGEL. I would much rather tarry,
Than wed a wooden leg.
If man and wife we should be
All folks would say I ween—

JERE. There go the greatest beauties
That ever yet were seen.

BOTH. (*twice, stumping about*)

Oh, what a guy!

I look at you all forlorn,

If you only would die, I never should cry—

I wish you had never been born.

ANGEL. A hoppy and a stumpy,
Oh, what a pair to wed!

JERE. I always wear my wooden leg
At night when I'm in bed.
I always have the nightmare, too,
And kick and plunge about.

ANGEL. I forgot to say my teeth are false,
And at night I take them out.

BOTH. (*as before*)
Oh, what a guy, &c.

JERE. (*aside*) And her teeth are false! Oh, lord! and goodness knows what else is false—all whalebone and wadding, I dare say.

ANGEL. But why should we bear malice to each other, Jeremiah? It is not our fault that we are condemned to marry.

JERE. Certainly not! (*extending his hand*) Let's shake hands over the sacrifice.

ANGEL. (*giving her hand*) Willingly! it will be time enough to hate each other after we are married.

JERE. And no doubt we shall take advantage of the opportunity. (*holding her hand*) What a pretty little soft hand! What a pity, Angelina, that you are so mutilated.

ANGEL. What a pity, Jeremiah, that you are such a cripple. And what a shame that our fathers should have condemned us thus to marry.

JERE. Disgraceful! it's lucky for them they are dead, or I should express my powerful indignation.

ANGEL. Well, it is one comfort, at all events, that we shall find no difficulty in getting on the blind side of each other.

JERE. Exactly, considering we have only two eyes between us. But only think, Angelina, if there should be any babies.

ANGEL. For shame, Jeremiah!

JERE. Only think of a house full of one-eyed, wooden-legged little devils.

ANGEL. ~~With crutches and a hump-back! think of their stamping about!~~

JERE. ~~What a row there would be in the building!~~

ANGEL. (*producing paper*) See, here is the document which binds you to marry me.

JERE. And, looking at you, I can't say that I'm handsomely bound. (*producing paper*) And here is that which forces you to become my wife.

ANGEL. (*sighing*) Ah!

JERE. (*groaning*) Oh, Angelina, be magnanimous—renounce me, and resign your fortune.

ANGEL. Thank you, but I can't afford it. Besides, it is for you to set so noble an example.

JERE. Much obliged, but I don't see it.

ANGEL. No, our fathers' will must be obeyed—we must become one.

JERE. One, indeed! it would take half a dozen like us to make one good 'un. (*with a sudden thought*) Ah, I have it! something our stupid old fathers never thought about! Let's exchange papers—we are not forbidden to do that—and then we both are free—both retain our fortunes!

ANGEL. Ah, yes, this paper says if you refuse—

JERE. And this paper says if you refuse—

ANGEL. Ah, certainly—that would—

JERE. Of course it would—

ANGEL. } We will—we will!

JERE. Come along, then—give me your paper, and—

ANGEL. No, no—first give me your paper, and then—

JERE. No, no—how can you be so mistrustful?

ANGEL. How can you be so suspicious?

JERE. I tell you what we'll do—we'll extend our arms with the papers firmly grasped, and I'll count three—when I say three, we'll exchange.

ANGEL. Agreed! (*they extend papers, as just said*)

JERE. Mind, not till I say three! (*counting*) One! (*makes a snatch at her paper*)

ANGEL. (*withdrawing her arm*) No treachery, sir!

JERE. I wouldn't for the world—you don't know me. Two! (*she makes a snatch at his paper*) Ah, would you? No tricks!

ANGEL. What do you mean, sir? I am quite incapable of such a thing.

JERE. I see you are. Three! (*each snatches paper from the other—waving papers*) Free—free!

JERE. (*stumping about*) Hurrah—hurrah!

(ANGELINA hastily throws away wig, patch, and crutch, and stands before JEREMIAH laughing loudly—he is petrified with amazement.)

JERE. Ah!

SONG,—ANGELINA.—AIR,—“Prima Donna Waltz.”

My freedom I now have won,
And poor Jeremiah is done;
He's sorry the game begun,
At which he's lost his wife.

You've made a most unlucky hit—
You're not the first that has been bit—
No man's a match for woman's wit.
Poor Jerry—poor Jerry—oh!

(waltzing round JEREMIAH.)

My freedom I now have won,
And poor Jeremiah is done—
He's sorry the game begun,
At which he's lost his wife.

JERE. (L.) Good heavens! the angel that ate the gooseberry tarts.

ANGEL. What did you observe?

JERE. I say, it's a swindle, and I won't stand it—give me back my precious document, and marry me directly.

ANGEL. *(laughing)* No, thank you, Jeremiah, no, thank you!

JERE. Have you no respect for the wishes of your poor dead father? I am ashamed of you.

ANGEL. I have no inclination to wed a cripple.

JERE. A cripple? me! oh, la, I forgot—to be sure—but look here! *(throwing away patch and wooden leg)*

ANGEL. Good gracious! the gentleman with the eyes!

JERE. And that ate ices till he had the cramp in his—*(rubbing his stomach)* down here. Look at me, I'm no cripple. *(strutting about)* Upright and straight as a dart.

ANGEL. Straight! bless me, I—I didn't observe at the pastrycook's that you were humpbacked.

JERE. Hump-backed! *(looking over his shoulder)* What this? bless you, my love, that's nothing but an old waistcoat and a pair of trousers—look! *(puts his hand under his coat, draws down and displays waistcoat and trousers—she turns away—L.)* You'll have me now, won't you, Angelina?

ANGEL. Well, I don't know—

JERE. *(snatching paper from her hand)* You must! Reflect, Angelina—the wish of a defunct parent should be sacred to his offspring.

ANGEL. *(laughing and giving him her hand)* Oh, you hypocrite!

JERE. You're another! that's one comfort. You were young Blazes, I suppose?

ANGEL. And you, I suspect, were Miss Sally Fantoo?

JERE. What left-handed tricks we have played to diddle fate.

ANGEL. Thank your stars that fate was too much for us.

JERE. I do. But, more than all, I bless your appetite for

gooseberry tarts, for it was with your mouth full of them that I first beheld you, and oh! how fascinating you looked when a gooseberry stuck in your throat.

ANGEL. (*laughing*) Very, no doubt. (*to AUDIENCE*) Duplicity, we well know, is neither to be commended nor defended, yet still, as there is no rule without an exception, we venture to hope that none will blame, and all approve *our*

DOUBLE DEALING.

FINALE.—AIR,—“Cheer, boys, cheer.”

BOTH. Here, here, here!
 Your verdict we do ask now.
 Here, here, here!
 Our fears do now begin—
 Here, here, here!
 Change not our mirth to sorrow!
 Here, here, here!
 Your favour we would win.

ANGEL. With wooden leg and crutch,
 To prop up our endeavour,
 Now we hope you'll prop us up
 With your applause and favour.
 Those who would defend us,
 To all hearts should be dear,
 And so I ask your favour
 For the Rifle Volunteer.

BOTH. Here here, here! &c.

CURTAIN.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means *Right of the Stage, facing the Audience*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*; D. F. *Door in the Flat*; or Scene running across the back of the Stage; C. D. F. *Centre Door in Flat*; D. R. C. *Right Door in Flat*; L. C. F. *Left Door in the Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; 2 E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*.

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The Rev. Dr. BELLOW'S DEFENCE OF THE STAGE,

With a Preface by Mr. BRICKSTONE 6d